

JUNE 1949 1/6

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# GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE



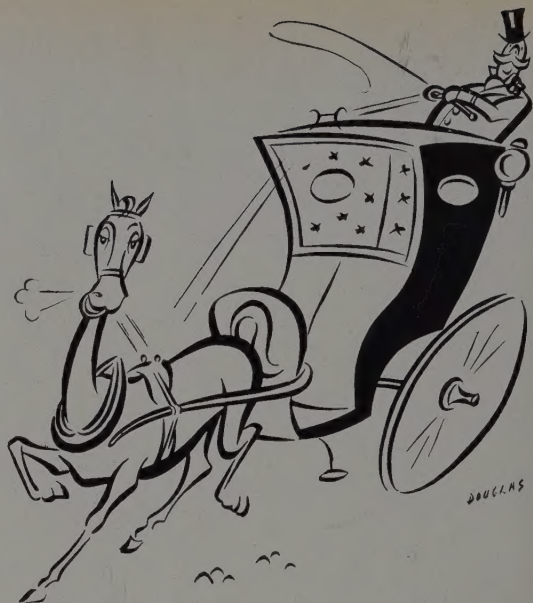
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*"Call me a Cab!"*



We like to think of the late

Jos. Hansom. When he had  
completed the vehicle which

bears his name he stroked his

chin with anticipatory pleasure,

secure in the knowledge that Disraeli would, in the fulness of time,

christen his invention 'the gondola of London.' Once launched upon the  
gas lit streets, this graceful fleet of hansoms conveyed the Peerage, Gentry  
and Toffage about their nocturnal occasions, cigar smoke wreathing opulently  
through the skylight. "A sovereign if you drive me to a bottle of Schweppes,  
Cabby!" Clip-clop, clip-clop. For Schweppes, too, was part of the London  
scene. The selfsame Schweppes which has gone on building up its bubble  
reputation for more than a century and a half. And still today the  
cry rings out over misty London squares:



*SCHWEPPERVESCENCE . . .*

*and don't spare the syphon!*

# The Lux in Benelux

by PROFESSOR ARNY NIMAX

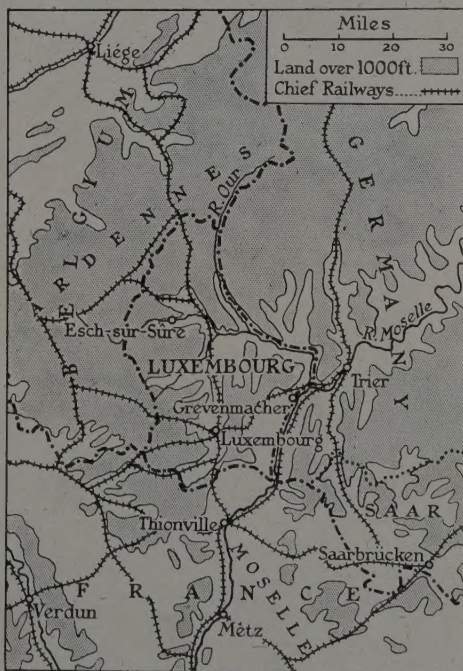
*Which countries of Europe set the best example in their domestic life and in international affairs, the big or the small? Judged by this standard, little Luxembourg establishes her claim to independent existence and reaffirms it through the free union of neighbours known as Benelux*

THE Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is just a tiny speck on the map of Western Europe. Perhaps you know very little about it, though now and again you may have tuned in to Radio Luxembourg, or have found its name linked up with Benelux or Western Union, or more recently with Belgium, as the 'Land of Plenty', where you can spend your holidays again this summer. When I am asked by someone in Britain where I come from, I often hesitate to reply: "From Luxembourg". For then he will say: "Luxembourg? Excuse me, is that in Belgium, France or Germany?" When I visited a grammar-school in the East End of London the other day, one of the boys in an upper form was invited by his master to put questions to me about my "small, but valiant" country. He got up at once and said in the most charming Cockney accent: "How strong is your navy, sir?" Another boy was told to draw the outline of Luxembourg on the blackboard. He gave it the shape of an egg, put Holland to the east and Switzerland to the south, and could not make up his mind about the north and the west. The master whispered confidentially into my ear: "I'm afraid most members of our staff don't know much more about it."

Well, I have been requested to give you some more information about my tiny country, whose very existence as an autonomous state seems almost an anomaly in the 20th century. In the first place it will certainly interest you to hear how it came to exist and by what means this boot-shaped area of only 1000 square miles, with a population that hardly exceeds a quarter of a million, has, as Winston Churchill put it when he addressed the Luxembourg Parliament in 1946, succeeded in "preserving its independence and sovereign life across so many centuries of shock and change and through the devastating cataclysm of the last two great European and World Wars".

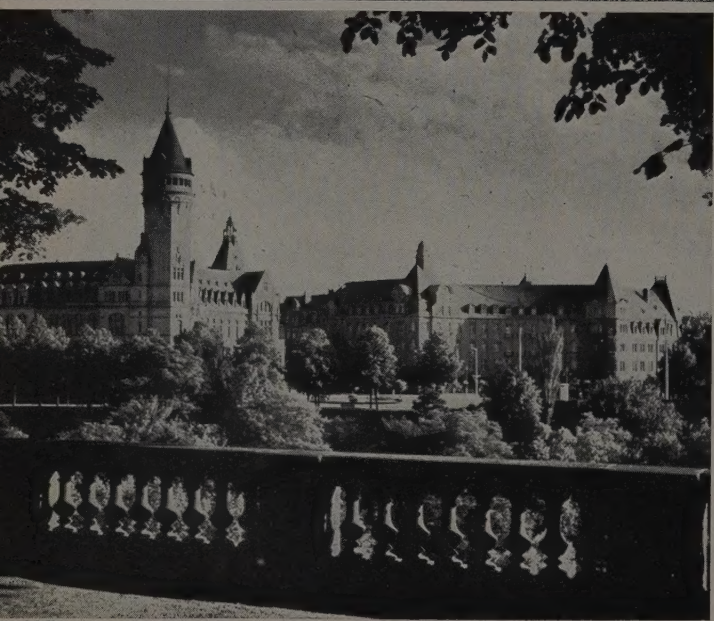
I am sometimes told by friendly, but rather sceptical, strangers that in reality such a pigmy state as ours has no *raison d'être* at all. "Would it not be far more profitable for you, in many respects", they argue, "to belong to one of

your bigger neighbours, from whom you Luxembourgers don't differ so very much, after all?" Well, I am afraid that any such allegation is likely to make us tingle all over with anger and indignation. For even the most casual visitor is soon aware that we do possess strongly developed characteristics of our own and that we are therefore neither Frenchmen, nor Belgians, nor Germans. We are a blend of Celtic, German and French blood which in the course of many centuries emerged from the melting-pot that had been boiling at the cross-roads of numerous invasions and immigrations. The Celtic traits still strongly mark the stolid "block-headed" farmers of the Ardennes. This is one of the many anecdotes that are told about them. In the spring of 1940 Mr Wagener, the old blacksmith, was lying on his deathbed. When he heard that the Germans might invade the



A. J. Thornton





Sibenaler

(Above) A sparkling jewel in the rugged highlands of the Ardennes is the dainty little Luxembourg town of Esch-sur-Sûre (commonly called "Esch-in-the-Hole"). Almost completely surrounded by the erratic wanderings of the River Sûre, it huddles up closely against the ruins of a once mighty mediaeval stronghold. (Left) Two impressive buildings in Luxembourg City are the Railway Administration Office (which housed General Bradley's Headquarters during the Battle of the Ardennes) and the turreted Savings Bank



Ardennes at any moment, he said: "I want to become a naturalized German citizen right away." "But how can you wish such a crazy thing just now, father?" asked his son, shaking his head indignantly. "I know that I'm going to die very soon", the old man replied, with a strange twinkle in his eyes, "and so that would make one German less".

We also have a language of our own, called "*Letzeburgesch*" (Luxembourgish), which is as far from the German of today as Dutch is. We use the mother tongue in everyday life, and beside French and German it has been the literary medium of many Luxembourg writers and poets. Together with French it is also the official, legislative, administrative and judicial language.

A few glimpses at Luxembourg history will prove that no other people in the world ever manifested a more fanatic determination to remain free and independent than the Luxembourgers. It was in 963 that a descendant of the House of Ardennes, called Sigefroid, purchased a little fort, called "*Lucilinburhuc*" (little burg). The town and the country that took shape around the rebuilt stronghold were called after it. Later on the country became a Duchy and at one time it was four times as large as it is now, until in the following centuries its three neighbours found it too big and so, in turn, each cut a fair slice from its body. After changing hands several times, the Duchy was ultimately conquered by Burgundy. Then it belonged successively to Spain, Austria and twice to France, till in 1815 the Duchy, despite its shrivelled size, was made a Grand Duchy and regained its autonomy. The King of the Netherlands became at the same time Grand Duke of Luxembourg. During these eventful years of foreign rule our ancestors never forgot that their country had once been independent. So stubborn they were in their hostility against any attempts at lowering it to the status of a mere province, that the foreign rulers had to grant them special privileges.



*Many excellent wines are produced along the banks of the Moselle. The grape-gatherer is about to harvest his reward for months of patient cultivation in the steeply sloping vineyards*

But things were to be different in 1793, when the French revolutionary armies invaded parts of Luxembourg. After the capitulation of Luxembourg City (1795) the country was annexed by the French Republic. Its historic structure was broken, its name was wiped out and the people's material interests and religious traditions were trampled upon. When in 1798 our young men were called to the French colours, riots broke out all over the country, and the sturdy farmers of the Ardennes took the lead to assault the invader. They were brave and passionate fighters, but they only had old rifles, rusty swords, axes, forks and big clubs (called "*Kloeppele*") to swoop down on the experienced and well-armed French soldiers. And although the



thick woods and the winding glens of the Ardennes provided an ideal ground for guerrilla warfare, the revolt was soon crushed by the enemy. Some of the prisoners were to be court-martialled. The President of the Military Tribunal, wanting to save their lives, tried to make them confess that they had been misled in their revolt and that their rifles had been unloaded. The honest farmers, however, retorted: "*Mir koenne net l'ien!*" ("We can't tell a lie!"). Thirty-four were either guillotined or shot. This episode is known in Luxembourg history as "*Kloeppekkrich*" (War of the Clubs). Only the downfall of Napoleon's Empire saved the country from extinction.

In the course of the 19th century, the London Treaty of 1839 restored to Luxembourg its full independence; and by the London Treaty of 1867 the Grand Duchy was declared neutral, its territorial integrity being guaranteed by the Big Powers. In 1890 the links with the Kings of Holland were severed and Duke Adolphus of Nassau became Grand Duke of Luxembourg.

August 1914! The Germans overrun Luxembourg. "*Gott mit uns!*" is their watchword and they expect to win the war in a couple of weeks. "Luxembourg will soon be German", so they say. Contrary to what happened in 1940, our government was able to carry on with the civil administration, and Grand Duchess Marie-Adelaide remained on the throne, though both strongly protested against the violation of the country's neutrality and persisted in this attitude till the end of the war. Memories of those dramatic days still linger vividly in my mind: swarms of *feldgrau* uniforms popping up like mushrooms as far as the eye can see; majestic Uhlans riding "*nach Paris*"; a girl arrested in the street for crying "*Vive la France!*", but released shortly after and shouting the same slogan over and over again; our teacher cracking jokes at the Prussians in a French lesson without being denounced to the enemy by any of the pupils; some British and French airmen making a forced landing on Luxembourg soil and not being delivered to the Germans by our government; the Kaiser walking outside his Luxembourg residence, with his shorter arm leaning on his sword; long queues at the Food Office; the guns at Verdun roaring more and more violently in the shrinking distance; and at last . . . the Germans flooding in disorder back towards their Fatherland . . . We are a free people again!

Princess Charlotte succeeded her sister

Marie-Adelaide on the throne. She became our most beloved ruler.

April 1939! The Grand Duchy forms a sort of 'No Man's Land' between the Siegfried and the Maginot Lines. Once more the German Colossus is getting ready to trample us down; and with this menace looming in the background, the Luxembourgers celebrate the centenary of their independence with heartfelt fervour and amidst joyous outbursts of enthusiasm. For days the whole country is ringing with the strains of the "*Hémecht*", the "*Letzeburg de Letzeburger!*" and the "*Feierwon*" (our three national songs). A particular stress is being laid on the burden of the latter, "*Mir woelle mir wat bleuwe sin!*" ("We want to remain what we are"), mostly altered into "*Mir woelle jo keng Preise sin!*" ("We don't want to be Prussians!").

May 10, 1940! In the small hours of the morning I am roused from sleep by the droning of many low-flying aircraft. I rush to the window and shout to a neighbour, who is just popping her head out towards the sky: "What's up?" "They are in, those swine!" she cries back, "I've just had a 'phone call from my sister who lives near the Moselle. The vile brutes may show up any moment now!" Some hours later, I watch the heavily armed motorists of the German spearhead racing up the hill towards the capital. Many people cannot help bitter tears filling their eyes . . . Others are afraid the Gestapo men might presently turn up as well and so they hurriedly cram all compromising books and papers into their stoves. Many Luxembourg chimneys were smoking on that warm and sunny day in May!

Soon the news spread round that the Grand Ducal Family and the government had escaped across the French border. After the collapse of France they joined the Allied camp across the sea, where they were successful in defending the cause of the "Baby Ally".

This time the invader abolished our freely elected parliament and eventually took over police, administration and justice. When the military administration was replaced by a Nazi Civil Administration, headed by a ravening *Gauleiter*, life in Luxembourg became a nightmare; especially after the Nazis realized at last that they had been wasting their time in striving to hammer into the "dull" brains of those "incurable B.B.C. fans" that they had precious German blood in their veins and should therefore be grateful to the Reich, which had come to protect its children from the evil designs of the wartime Allies. They were particularly infuriated



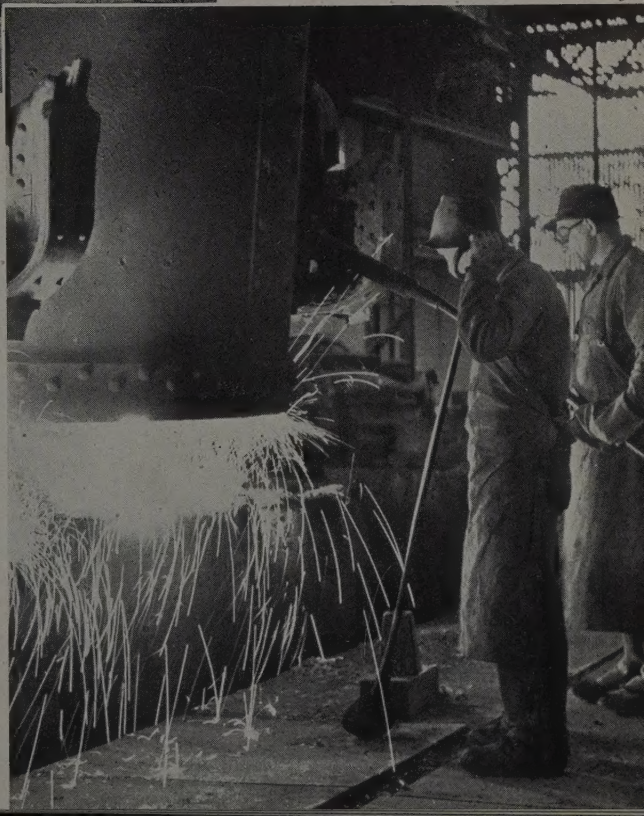


Steel and iron production is the life-blood of Luxembourg's economy. Familiar landmarks in the southern industrial area (the "Land of the Red Earth") are the iron-ore mines and the blast-furnaces (left), as well as the rolling-mills and steel plants belonging to three big Trusts: Arbed, Hadir and Rodange-Ougree. Since all these installations miraculously escaped destruction during the war, production could be resumed after the liberation as soon as sufficient quantities of coke were again available

Jean

Jean Proess

(Right) Steel-plant workers watch chill-moulds being filled with molten iron. Luxembourg now stands eighth amongst the steel-producing countries of the world following the U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and Czechoslovakia. In 1948 it produced 2,452,844 metric tons of steel and 2,626,334 of cast iron; which figures do not compare unfavourably with those for the output of Belgium (having a population nearly thirty times larger) of 3,900,000 tons of steel; 3,850,000 of cast iron







ain

strong ties of affection bind the people of Luxembourg to the Crown. (Above) Surrounded by the Royal Family on the balcony of the Palace, Grand Duchess Charlotte acknowledges the vivas of the crowd. (Below) In April 1945 the streets of the capital were thronged with people welcoming the Grand Duchess home from exile overseas

Il Bertogne







*In January 1948 representatives of the three Benelux countries met in the Luxembourg Chamber of Deputies to settle some urgent problems of common concern. Full economic union, already devised by these countries' governments in London during the war, is expected to start about July 1950*

by the countless traces of French culture that coloured our life; and they began by tabooing the use of French, even in private conversation, though instead, strange as it may seem, they intensified the study of English at our schools. "Bonjour" and "bonsoir" were to be replaced by "Heil Hitler!" In private, of course, we carried on as usual. In the streets and in the shops people at first greeted one another with sealed lips and winking eyes, then they doggedly resorted to the typical Luxembourg "Moiën!" ("Good morning!") which we use for any time in the day, including midnight. And in the end the Nazis surrendered.

The peak of the oppressor's infamy was reached in August 1942, when the Gauleiter announced that henceforth the young Luxembourgers were to serve in the Wehrmacht. Immediately the country went on strike, and the national colours were hoisted on the chimneys of the steel-plants. I shall never forget the grating voice of the fat-bellied Nazi official, thundering at the clerks who were idling about at the General Post Office:

"Wer streikt, wird erschossen!" ("Whoever strikes will be shot!"). Martial law was proclaimed and soon horrible posters revealed the names of the resistance leaders that were to be shot. Many others were thrown into prisons and concentration camps. Later on mass deportation became the Nazis' hobby. No wonder there were wild scenes of enthusiasm on that September day in 1944 which freed the greater part of the country from the routed enemy. But in December Rundstedt's army reoccupied one-third of Luxembourg's territory, and not until the middle of February 1945 were there no more Germans left on our soil. Two months later, great cheers welcomed Grand Duchess Charlotte on her return from exile, and more and more deported people came streaming back across the Moselle.

There was an acute shortage of everything. The Battle of the Ardennes had dealt heavy blows at the country, which was still bleeding fast. But the main thing was that we were free now and we settled down to reconstruct and set our economic machinery going again.

If you tell me that a small country like



ours must largely depend on the assistance of its neighbours, especially in the economic field, I agree that to some extent that is true, though this dependence, better called cooperation, in no way curtails its autonomy. Our industry, in particular, is conditioned by the regular inflow of raw materials. We have neither coal nor coke, which are vital to our important metallurgical industry, and we are bound to import a great variety of finished products. On the other hand, we must sell abroad to live and we come up against very keen competition. In 1842 the country solved some of these problems by entering the German *Zollverein*, and in 1922 a new and satisfactory solution was found by the creation of the Belgian-Luxembourg Economic Union, in which Luxembourg exercises its full rights as a sovereign state. This system served as a pattern for the Union (Benelux) planned between Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. Owing to various difficulties encountered in the working out of this unique post-war machinery, only a customs union has so far been established between the three countries. The Conference of Benelux Ministers, however, recently held at the Hague, agreed that the three partners should enter into provisional economic union on July 1, 1949, and full economic union a year later.

We have, of course, never been expected to raise an army strong enough to protect us from any aggressor. The London Treaty (1867) let Luxembourg only keep a dwarf military force of 350 volunteers. Many jokes were made about this Lilliputian 'army' of ours in those easy-going pre-war days! But after the liberation in 1944, things were quite different. It was felt that even the tiniest country that is anxious to remain free should contribute its proper share to its defence. So conscription was introduced. The new army, with a peacetime strength of some 1500 men, was built up on the English pattern; and it participates in the occupation of Germany.

Although some people call us the "Baby Partner" of Benelux, we are by no means the Cinderella of this organization. On the contrary, our economic, technical and cultural contributions are relatively important. Even before the war Luxembourg was thought economically significant enough to be the seat of the then almighty International Steel Cartel; and none of the wealthier partners ever saw any inconvenience in the fact that a Luxembourger, Mr Mayrisch, was its chairman. Ever since iron ore was discovered in our soil about 1870, iron and steel production has been the backbone of the national economy. With more plentiful supplies of

coke coming from the Ruhr it reached, in 1948, its post-war record figures: 2,452,844 metric tons of steel and 2,626,334 metric tons of cast iron. We contribute roughly two-fifths to the total metallurgical output of the Belgian-Luxembourg Economic Union. With twenty-five blast-furnaces again in operation (out of a pre-war total of thirty-two) the industry almost equalled its own record output of 1929. Agriculture too plays a vital part. A third of the people are chiefly occupied in farming and in the breeding of cattle and pigs. Our leather production equals that of the Belgian partner. My countrymen are keen disciples of Bacchus and they produce excellent varieties of Moselle wine, of which large quantities are available for export. For many years the Grand Duchy has been a favourite international holiday-resort, as on its tiny area it offers an unparalleled medley of gorgeous scenery. Tourism is called by many "our second national industry".

You would probably like to know how things are in my country now. "What about food? Are you still rationed?" you may ask. Some visitors have called Luxembourg the "Eldorado of Europe", as food is off points and luxuries of every description are generously displayed in our shop-windows. Clothing coupons are already a museum piece. But most of us, I am afraid, do not feel quite so optimistic about it. We have a sort of uncanny foreboding that this is not normal and that we are living above our means; that we shall have to eat our black bread fairly soon. Even Marshall Aid cannot make us forget that we are riddled with debts, nor that our total war losses, resulting in part from the extensive damage caused by the Rundstedt Offensive, amount to some twenty-five billion francs. Besides, what is the good of revelling in the sight of pre-war luxuries alluringly paraded before your greedy eyes if, like Tantalus, you stretch your arm as far as you can and fail to reach them? For here, as elsewhere, the most crucial problem of the day consists in making wages and salaries keep in step with the steady rise in prices. One consoling factor for us in these unsettled times is the relative stability of our social community. Since the war no strike has jeopardized the economic recovery of the country. To judge by the 1948 figures of our steel and iron production, the working classes are fully aware that the life of the mother country depends on their unrelenting efforts. And so, though disquieting clouds may now and again darken the horizon, we look confidently along the thorny road of European convalescence in the hope of better times to come.





# Saint Tropez 'Bravade'

Notes and Photographs by RICHARD DORMER

Every year, on May 16, the villagers of Saint Tropez, a small fishing port on the French Riviera, begin a two-day festival (bravade) in honour of their Patron Saint. This is a ceremony of thanksgiving, for the Tropezians believe that it was Saint Tropez who gave their ancestors sufficient strength to repel the attack of twenty-one Spanish galleons. On the first day the men, wearing naval or military uniforms of the time of Napoleon, parade to the town-hall where the Capitaine de Ville (elected by the local council the previous Easter Monday) steps

forward and salutes the Mayor with his sword, subsequently receiving from him the symbolic pike which represents success in arms; this the Capitaine hands over to his Major, and then, after a volley of musket-fire, the most impressive part of the ceremony begins: the procession of bravadeurs (above) through decorated streets lined with spectators, to the public square where members of the clergy await them. Here the different corps of bravadeurs take their places round an effigy of the Saint and prepare to receive a benediction of their Arms





*The effigy of Saint Tropez, a young cup-bearer to Nero whom Saint Paul converted to Christianity. After refusing to take part in any pagan rites he was beheaded and placed, together with a dog and cockerel, in a tiny boat, which drifted westwards from Italy over the Mediterranean until it landed on the north shore at a little village whose inhabitants buried the martyr. The villagers erected a church in his honour; and thenceforth their village was known as Saint Tropez*

*Children join their parents in paying tribute to the Saint, the little boys having long looked forward to this opportunity of displaying their own special uniform: the spotless white trousers, wide red belts and smart forage caps. Proudly they advance to join the bravadeurs, followed by their mothers and sisters, who wear the graceful Provençal costume: white silk stockings, coloured skirts, black aprons, dainty lace neckerchiefs and—most becoming of all—starched and frilled caps*







(Above) After the religious ceremony the musicians advance, each with a drum and flute which he can play simultaneously. The waistcoats and wide-brimmed hats are similar to those worn in the Camargue district. In honour of Saint Tropez members of the Old Guard (right) reverently don the threadbare but glorious uniforms of their forefathers (they have managed to keep intact the splendid ornaments of the ancient shakos); and every few minutes all of them fire off their muskets with great gusto







(Above) No sooner does the band strike up than the young folk of Saint Tropez begin dancing. Then all join in and uniformed bravadeurs, Provençals in costume and sailors from nearby ports dance, hand-in-hand, the traditional farandole, without which no bravade would be complete. So great an expenditure of energy arouses healthy appetites, but no one wants to go home on this festive day; so each housewife brings along a pique-nique (right), and the food tastes twice as good for being eaten beneath the trees







*All photographs from Toni Muir*

*After a day full of activity and excitement the gardes-champêtres, who composed the Mayor's private guard, wend their way home through the woods, still intoxicated with the smell of gunpowder, which brought to mind tales of "battles long ago" against the Spaniards, Turks and Moors*



# The Jersey Character

by JOAN and  
JOHN R. SIMMONS



All photographs by John R. Simmons

Ektachrom

(Left) *The Jersey shield of Arms. They closely resemble the Royal Arms of England; but Jersey claim them to be of even earlier origin as having been borne by the Dukes of Normandy, the Channel Islands remaining attached to the English crown after the rest of the Duchy was separated from it in the reign of King John*

"THREE-AN'SIX, Guv . . . and I wish I was comin' with yer."

Our Cockney cabbie was wistful as he deposited us before the imposing doors of Airways Terminal.

"I got a boy over there", he went on, proudly. "He's an actor, in repertory, y'know. Haven't seen him for six months. Go and see 'em; they're pretty good. They're at the Playhouse, St Helier; it's the only theatre on the island. Well, have a good time!"

"We must have dropped some confetti!" Joan mused self-consciously as we walked across the hall to register our baggage. But I was thinking of the cabbie's connection with the island, something of a symbol of the long link between Jersey—and, indeed, the group of Channel Isles—and the 'Mainland', as the islanders prefer to call Britain.

Within an hour we were airborne, sampling the luxury of a B.E.A. Dakota. Relaxing in pullman comfort with tea and cakes, memories flooded back of wartime trips in bare, cheerless Dakotas stripped for transport. The captain came aft for a chat as the sun-freckled Channel unfurled swiftly from the southern shore of the Isle of Wight below us. After wartime adventures with the Path-

finders, the captain told us, the twice-daily trips between the islands and the mainland were just like catching the 8.20 to the City!

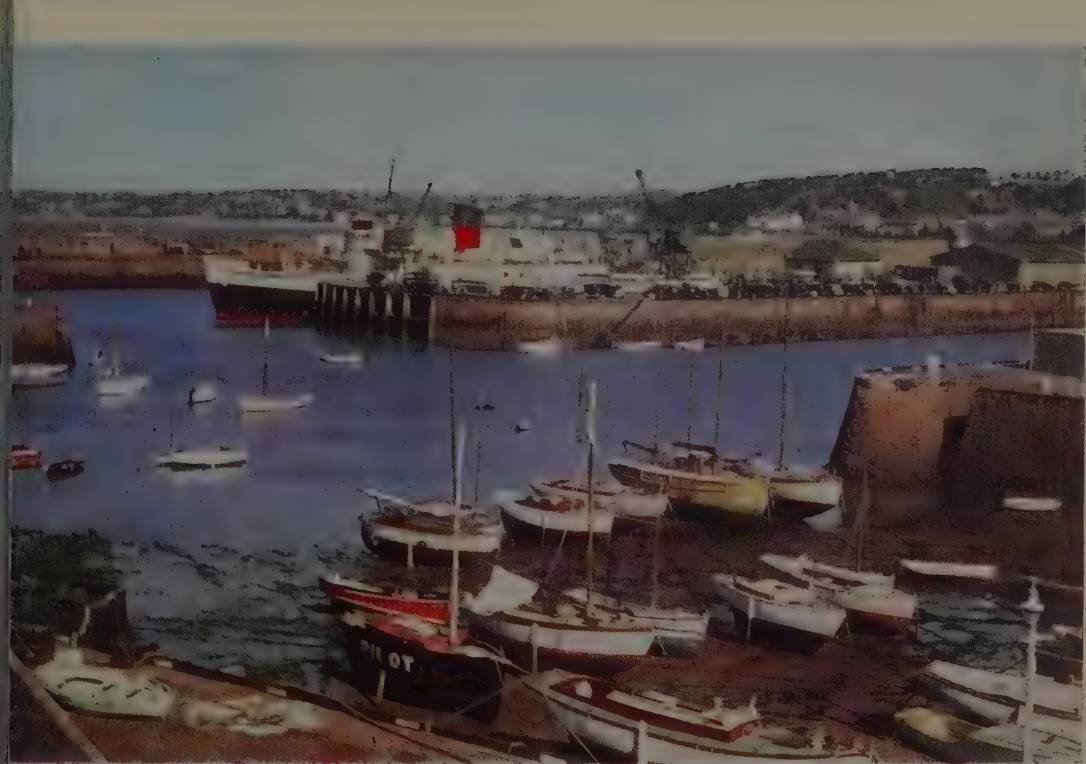
The neat French patchwork of the Cap de la Hague appeared below us and, through the mist to the west, the rocky plateau that is Alderney, the northernmost island in the group.

"We shall be down in ten minutes", the captain said, as he made his way forward to the cabin.

Guernsey and neighbouring Sark were lost in haze, but shortly, as the plane lost height and banked gently to the east, the haze gave way to the brilliant sun and our first glimpse of Jersey was of the lighthouse at La Corbière, rising from the sea at the south-west corner of St Ouen's Bay, its long shadow thrown across the rocks of which it warns. We circled eastwards over the long yellow shore of St Brelade's Bay and flew low over sandy bunkers and long wind-swept grass to touch down on the perimeter of the modern airport; then taxied to a stop before the reception buildings, where visitors lounged with tea on the sun decks and officials busied themselves with arriving passengers beneath a dominant plaque bearing the shield and Arms of Jersey.

This plain shield, with its three golden





Kodachrome

*St Helier, the capital of Jersey. (Above) A prosperous, pre-war look is again evident in the harbour area. (Below) The town is a sprawling collection of grey stone or yellow brick houses, hotels and well-stocked shops*



Kodachrome





*Kodachrome*

*In the States Chamber (the Jersey House of Parliament) sits Sir Alexander Coutanche, the Bailiff; as he is the island's highest civil authority, his seat is raised above that of the Lieutenant-Governor beside*





*The German invaders fortified the entire coastline around the island; workmen are still toiling to demolish the massive and unsightly gun-emplacements along the Five Mile Road on the north coast*

lions *passant gardant*, closely resembles the Royal Arms of England; but to Jerseymen, it has a far deeper significance than a mark of loyalty to and dependence upon the British Throne. To the islanders, the Arms are a constant reminder of the unique position which they hold within the British Commonwealth. The Arms bear the motif of the Banner of Normandy, for, at the time of the Norman conquest of Britain in 1066, the Channel Isles formed part of the Duchy. The Jersey historian, Rev. Philip Falle, records that the Isles, "being not on the conquered, but on the conquering side", were not subjected to the wide changes in laws, customs and language as was England.

The islands gained the favour of King John—who, as Earl of Mortain, had been Lord of the Isles—and when, in 1205, England was separated from continental Normandy, the islanders remained loyal to John. The Constitutions which King John granted the islands differed little from those of Normandy and their laws and privileges,

including that of self-government, ratified by various Royal Charters, remain in many respects the same today.

Our St Helier hotel on the Esplanade overlooked the ubiquitous statue of Queen Victoria and the modern harbour. Because of far-receding tides at low water the harbour is somewhat restricted in handling big shipping, but large sums of money have been spent to provide safe harbourage on an abnormally dangerous coast.

Just before dusk we climbed to the heights of Fort Regent, a formidable bulwark, fortified for centuries. Here, now, in rusting barbed wire and fading German signs, we saw the first evidence of Jersey's greatest modern tragedy—the Nazi occupation of World War II. From this vantage point, the capital, St Helier, sprawled behind the harbour in a tumbling confusion of grey stone, yellow brick houses and red roofs. In the centre of the town the sharp spire of St Thomas's church stabbed the sky, escaping, it seemed, from the crowded, narrow streets



*Marie Fosse of Jersey has a vegetable stall in St Helier market, where meat and flowers are sold as well as fresh fruit and vegetables grown by market-gardeners in outlying parishes*

at its feet. In the falling dark, the twinkling house lights and the darting car lamps gave the little capital the dizzy appearance of a pin table when the coin hits the jack-pot.

Behind our hotel lay Royal Square, the hub of the island. And here, next morning, in the *Salle des Etats* (States Chamber) we heard from Sir Alexander Coutanche something of the administration of the island by one of the oldest and smallest legislative assemblies in the Empire. When it is in session, fifty-five members crowd into the tiny horse-shoe-shaped Chamber. Sir Alexander, as Bailiff, is the highest civil authority and his seat on the dais is seven inches higher than that of the Lieutenant-Governor. This last is a symbol of the limited civil power of the Governor, who has no vote in the States. Twelve *Jurats*, who—with the Bailiff—form the Judicial Bench in the Royal Court, are

elected for life. Ecclesiastical seats are filled by twelve Rectors and each of the twelve parishes is chiefly represented by its *Connétable* (in England he would be the chairman of the parish council). In addition, seventeen *Deputés*, or M.P.s, are elected, six from St Helier and one from each other parish.

"Although French is our official language", said Sir Alexander, tall and distinguished in his scarlet State robes, "Speakers have the option of either language, and the net effect to the lay visitor is of a minor Babel!"

The strong-mindedness of the Bailiff and the members was the chief factor in the German's policy of *laissez-faire* in their early occupation. Except towards the end, when food was short, the Nazis caused less trouble than on neighbouring Guernsey.

Sir Alexander recalled, "Although their officers sat in the gallery when the States were in session, we managed to keep them away from Standing Committee meetings, where most of the Island's business is discussed".

The Bailiff felt that the Germans wished to create the impression that they were really 'decent chaps'—like the British they respected.

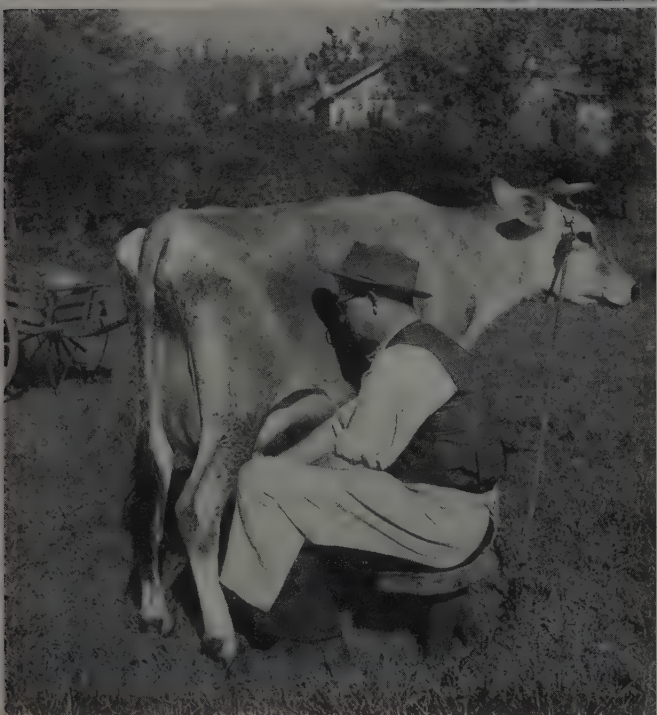
"They showed their true colours when food became desperately short, and it was then that their atrocities started."

If the Germans worried the States little they certainly left their mark on the countryside. Wherever we went on the island, we saw ruins of dwellings demolished to provide wood and steel for the stubby gun emplacements and observation towers which disfigured every beach and grassy cliff. The rusting barbed-wire camp on the Five Mile Road along the west coast; the machine gun and searchlight platforms; these are the monuments to the sufferings of Russian and Polish labour gangs transported to Jersey. A story of that camp was told us by the foreman of a gang breaking up concrete emplacements on the beaches.

A housewife complained to the camp Commandant about the beatings of the



*Farming is a family affair in Jersey, and mother and father join forces to stack tomato plants for transplanting. The labour problem is acute, for though French workers are available again to help with the harvesting, they are demanding three times or more their pre-war wages. Nevertheless, despite this difficulty and that occasioned by the Colorado beetle (against which constant battle must be waged) the island exported a £4,000,000 potato and tomato crop in 1948, much of which came to Britain*



*Farmers were better off than most of the islanders during the German occupation for they controlled vital food supplies, in return for which the enemy was willing to treat them well. But few proved ready to cooperate and many who refused to be bribed found their livestock 'requisitioned.' This farmer had thirty-five prime head of Jersey cows before the war; now he has only a dozen. Several years will elapse before the island's herds of world-famous 'Jerseys' can be restored to their former strength*

slave-prisoners she could see from her bedroom window. The following day, two soldiers boarded up the lady's windows. "Now you have no cause to complain", said the Commandant. "You will see no more beatings!"

The farmers we talked with had mixed grievances. They had something of an advantage during the occupation, and they could claim a certain freedom of movement. Nevertheless, the Germans seriously reduced their stocks before release came and, although the steep, terraced fields could quickly be re-sown to yield an almost pre-war harvest, in the matter of dairy cattle the farmers were not so sure. The deer-faced Jersey cow, famous the world over for its fine breed and its richest full-cream milk, is in urgent demand to replenish herds in countries reaching from South Africa to the U.S.A. Farmers, mindful of the nursing necessary

*A genial old quarryman who, like many hard-working residents of Jersey, has never travelled across to England. Before the war large quantities of granite were exported from the island*

to maintain the purity of the breed, and with a wary eye on the Island's depleted herds, are not anxious to export cattle—as urged by Whitehall—until their numbers can be strengthened.

Another grievance was aired by a family of five whom we found stacking tomato plants in the sloping fields of their small farm near Rozel. For years, farms in the island have relied upon French casual labour to help lift the potato and tomato harvest for something under 35s. a vergy (2½ acres).

The farmer wearily brushed an arm across his sweating brow: "Now the French Government has sent us some Breton workers . . . but they expect £5 or £6 a vergy, and that I cannot afford to pay."

But some farms did employ the Breton labourers and, high costs and the Colorado beetle notwithstanding, a comfortable profit margin must have been shown on the

£4,000,000 potato and tomato crop exported last year, much of it to Britain.

To discover how the Jersey housewife fared with her weekly shopping we made our way to the public markets in Halkett Place. Here, under glass roofs, farmers unload their produce from all parts of the island and here prices of fruit, vegetables and flowers are bandied in a musical mixture of French, English and Norman-French around a splashing ornamental fountain. A shopper's small list of necessities reflected the high cost of living: potatoes 3½d. a lb.; sprouts 8d.; butter 1s. 6d.; eggs 6s. a dozen; large loaf 1s.

"The farmers are crying for subsidies", said one stall-holder who had sold in the markets for twenty years. "But the housewife would like to see less of the luxury goods in the shops and more of her daily needs at prices controlled within her means."

Back at our hotel, we asked our cheery French maid, Marie: "Why are Jersey people so bitter?"

"Ah, *mes chéris*, it is because everyone is for himself, since the war. Most of us must work hard for small pay while a few are—how you say it—profiteering."







*At Corbière Point a pillbox built during the German occupation dominates the plateau overlooking the lighthouse. Jersey's rocky coastline provided an excellent foundation for such defences*

Marie's eyes brightened again.

"But I am happy, *mes petits*; my son is married and I am happy to help the English—I love the English."

Brittany-born Marie, widowed when her Jersey husband was killed in 1931, was evacuated to Manchester, where she was well looked after. Back in the island, her furniture gone and her house badly damaged, she considers it her duty to serve the tourists from the country which treated her kindly.

In the peace of the island lies the secret of its attraction for the tourist; that and, for the British, the sense that they are 'going abroad'. Jersey's beauty alone could not compel attraction, for, with few exceptions, nature has done nothing in the island that it has not accomplished—and with a more defined grandeur—in ageless Devon and Cornwall. It says much for the enterprise of the islanders, many of whom have never seen a tube train or a tramcar except at the pictures, that they have developed the modern artificial attractions, even to a luxury holiday camp, which

can prevent the interest of today's pampered holiday-maker from flagging.

\* \* \*

Our Dakota circled the airfield and gained height over the treacherous rocks of Corbière, heading for England and home. At the end of our honeymoon, we reflected that for Jersey, too, the honeymoon was over. For three years, visitors from austerity-ridden Britain had found in the island a paradise of good food, luxury shopping free from purchase tax, cheap cigarettes and whiskey. Few areas touched by war had made so rapid a recovery as this, the only bit of Empire to feel the weight of the Jackboot. But, beneath it all, 40,000 stout-hearted Jerseymen and women were finding life too dear. Whitehall has scratched the islands off the priority export lists and says they must export more of their own produce. For the islanders this may mean scarcer and dearer necessities—for the visitor it may mean he will have to dig deeper to pay for his holiday in this jewel of the Channel.

# Harvest of Oil

## II. Search and Research

by KENNETH WILLIAMS

*In our April number Mr Williams surveyed the social impact of oil on the lands where it is found. He now describes the prospects of finding more oil and utilizing what we have to better purpose*

IN my first article I pointed out that the search for oil was continuous and increasing in a world which today needs nearly two gallons of oil for every one gallon that it needed only a decade ago. Oil is now produced in more than thirty countries, but almost nine-tenths of world supplies comes from three areas: The United States, Venezuela and the Middle East. In all those three areas, incidentally, British and American companies, either individually or combinedly, have a predominant interest.

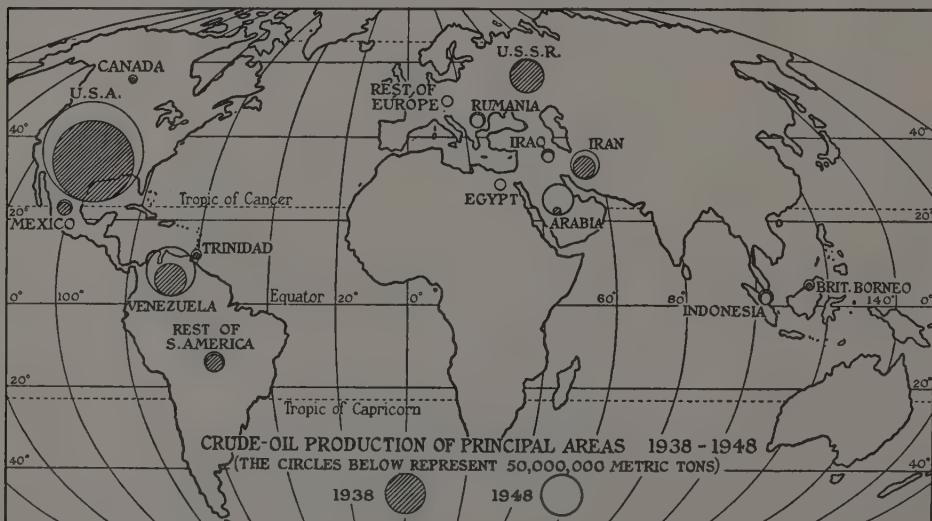
During the Second World War, oil production was spectacularly advanced in some lands, as in others it was retarded. In the New World, for example, a great stimulus was given. Even before the war, the United States provided sixty per cent of world supplies and it had, to meet the demands of Allied forces and industries, to expand its output rapidly, providing, in fact, three-quarters of the total increase in world production during the war years. In Venezuela, expansion of output has been proportionately even greater, though less in total amount, than in the United States. Less important

advances in production were achieved in Egypt, and by the Germans in Austria and Hungary: and it is worth recalling that in Nottinghamshire British technicians from Iran and drilling crews from Texas together "brought in" the Eakring oilfield, on which an enterprise of small size but considerable strategic benefit was built up.

Elsewhere, normal developments were often interrupted, or actual production was reduced, by the war. Thus output fell steeply in the oilfields of the Caucasus and of the Netherlands East Indies owing to their being directly involved in the conflict, and that of Rumania suffered a decline; while in Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the Qatar peninsula proved oilfields perforce lay dormant lest the war should take a turn unfavourable to the Allies in the Middle East.

### PRESENT WORLD PRODUCTION

The war over, the oil industry prepared for a gigantic effort, vaster even than it had imagined would be required. All forecasts of civilian necessities were falsified by the huge demand, and oil companies all over the world



A. J. Thornton



had, despite shortages of steel and other materials, to try to satisfy that demand. Much, very much, has been done; but much still remains to be done if the world is to be assured of adequate supplies in the future. This applies especially to Western Europe, which is now deprived of two important sources of previous supply, Russia and Eastern Europe: these now send only token cargoes to other countries. But an even greater change is manifested in the United States, which from being a large exporter of oil has now become a net importer.

Thus the significance of recent developments in South America and in the Middle East can be appreciated in its world setting. The South American sub-continent, long a considerable oil-producing region, is becoming an increasing source of supply for the Western Hemisphere. Many years ago Venezuela replaced Russia as the second largest producer of petroleum. Peru, Colombia, Argentina, Ecuador and Bolivia also possess established oilfields and throughout the sub-continent there is a resolve to extend the industry. Chile is developing a new oilfield, discovered in 1946 on the island of Tierra del Fuego, off the southern tip of South America. It may be said, in fact, that in almost every country from the southern Atlantic to Mexico drilling or prospecting is in progress.

The accompanying map shows clearly how the balance of oil production has altered during the past decade. It is to be noted that whereas in 1938 total world production of crude was 280,535,000 metric tons, in 1948 it was estimated at 471,260,000 metric tons. During that decade production in the U.S.A. rose from 170,690,000 to 276,930,000 tons; in Venezuela from 28,107,000 to 69,700,000 tons; in Iran from 10,358,000 to 25,000,000 tons; and in Arabic-speaking lands from 5,796,000 to 32,190,000 tons.

#### PROBABLE WORLD RESOURCES

Just as the United States increasingly looks to its own fields and to those of Central and Southern America for its supplies, Western Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia look largely to the Middle East. It is an illustration of the geographical interdependence of the world that development of the Middle



*All photographs from the Petroleum Information Bureau*

*Pipe-lines carrying oil from the Iranian fields to Abadan. The problem of transporting oil direct from the Middle East to the Mediterranean, instead of round Arabia, is being met by the construction of thirty-inch pipe-lines*

East depends upon the industrial countries needing its oil, and it is they which must supply the refineries, the storage tanks, the pipe-lines, the tankers and other transport, lack of which at present limits Middle Eastern production.

But the Middle East, if politics do not interfere with economic development, will soon be supplying oil to the world in a degree undreamed of but a few years ago. Various pipe-lines are to be built to join the oilfields to the Mediterranean. For example, the existing pipe-line from Iraq is being duplicated and a new thirty-inch line is contemplated from Iraq. Another large pipe-line will link Iran and Kuwait and yet another Saudi Arabia to Levantine ports a thousand miles

across the desert. All these lines, expected to be in operation within a few years, will carry crude oil for processing mostly on the Mediterranean seaboard or in Western Europe, where an extension of home refining upon a vast scale is designed to aid economic recovery. Present tanker shipments from the Persian Gulf will continue, and even increase, for the refineries in Abadan and in Saudi Arabia are being enlarged. When this whole programme for refined and crude oil is complete, the Middle East will be exporting sufficient oil to have supplied the pre-war needs of the entire world outside the United States and Russia.

Yet however present developments in the Middle East may strike the imagination, the true importance of the region will become apparent only when the pipe-lines have been constructed and oil is flowing freely through

*The search for oil is based on geology. As significant information can be gained from sub-surface strata, rock cores are taken during well-drilling for examination by geologists*



them. When any risk of a renewed scarcity of supplies in the near future has been overcome, the long-term prospects for the world's oil supplies will still depend on the size of the available reserves.

It is in its reserves that the Middle East is strongest. For it holds, according to the best estimates, almost half the world's known reserves of crude oil. On the basis of the information which has so far been gained, these are believed to total some nine thousand million tons, of which the United States has about three thousand million, and the Caribbean area just over, and Russia just under, one thousand million tons. But the Middle East has four thousand million tons. There is, however, a vast amount of exploratory work to be undertaken and it can safely be assumed that yet more reserves will be found.

Whereas the United States has been, or is being, intensively searched (more than a million wells have been drilled there, as against under a thousand in the Middle East), even its known reserves comprise only a portion of its possible petroleum deposits. In the Middle East important new oilfields will almost certainly be discovered. In Egypt, for example, not a rich producing country, intensive prospecting has in the last year or two brought in two promising fields at Sudr and Assul, in the neighbourhood of Suez; and on the eastern side of the great Arabian deserts new fields are practically certain of discovery and exploitation.

#### METHODS OF EXPLORATION

Despite this optimistic outlook, it must be repeated that no oilfield can be said to exist in a commercial sense until wells have been put down and been proved fruitful. Fortunately, the oil industry is now possessed of a number of scientific devices, some of them developed only during the war years, which are of outstanding value to the prospector for oil. The old days of depending on "seepages", and surface surveys and of shallow drilling have yielded to aerial photography and to geophysics.

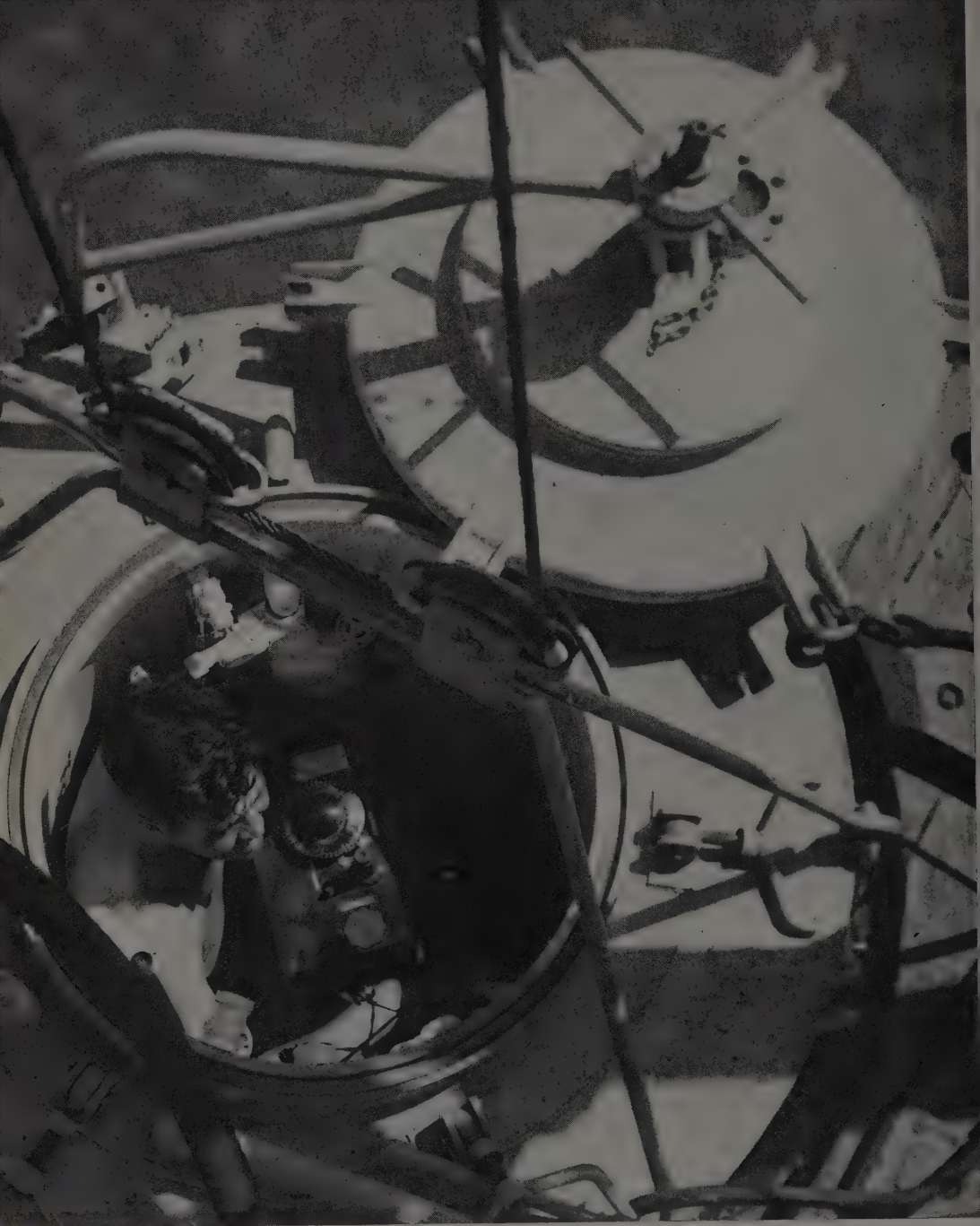
The geophysicist measures minute surface variations in gravity, magnetism and other natural forces which are distorted in buried rock masses. Geophysics were first applied commercially to oil in the United States in the early 'twenties with a





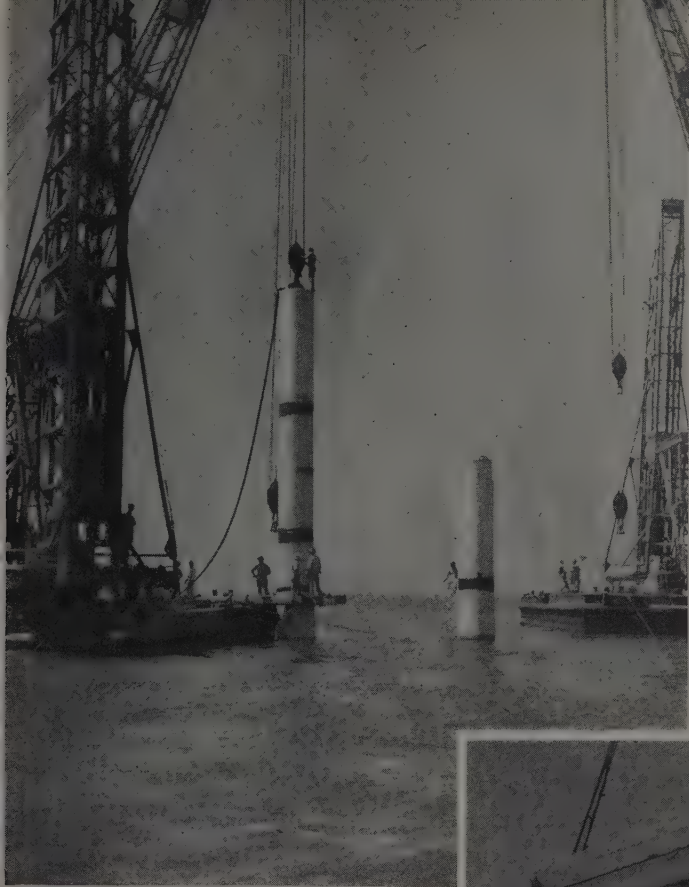
*Geophysics supplements geology in furthering the discovery of oil by a scientific study of underground strata; a number of delicate instruments and various complementary methods are used. (Above) Peg models reproduce the structure of the different strata in an oilfield, each peg representing one well. (Below, left) A geologist taking compass readings of the dip of a sandstone layer. (Below, right) A portable gravity meter in use*





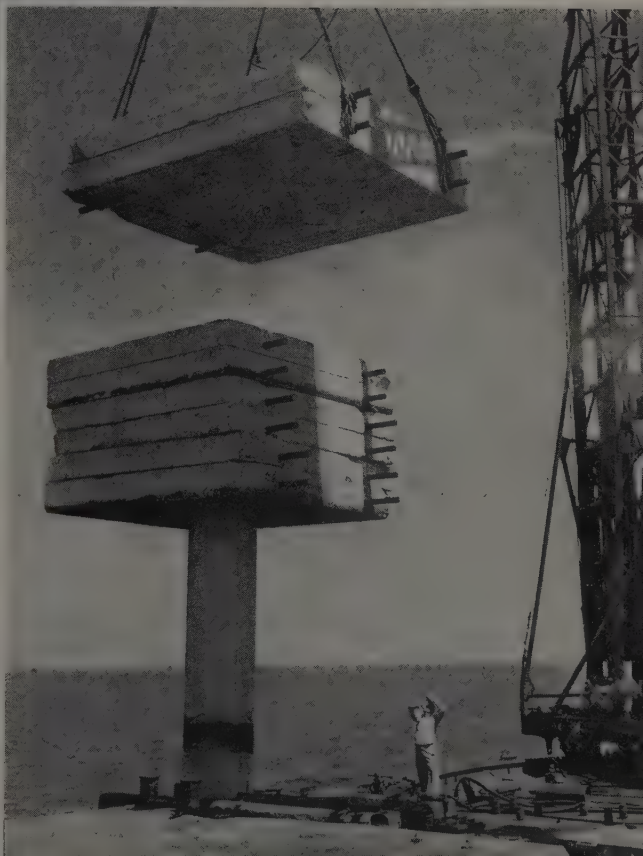
*Geophysical methods of oil prospecting are especially valuable in areas where geological surface evidence is scarce. (Above) The return of a two-ton diving-bell, equipped with a gravity meter, after a trip to the ocean bed off the Bahamas. In this area aircraft and ships have surveyed some 80,000 square miles of sea*





Underwater oilfields are being exploited in many parts of the world. In some cases, as in the Caspian area, they are drilled from shore with the bore-hole at an angle; in others, as at Lake Maracaibo, Western Venezuela (left), drilling platforms are erected on the water. These are supported by pylons, manufactured of metal reinforced with concrete, which stretch out for miles from shore, standing in water up to a depth of sixty feet. Barges transport these pylons (some of them 150 feet long) to the well-sites where they are lowered into position

(Right) Each pylon is sunk by means of heavy weights. A platform is then superimposed to hold the derrick and drilling equipment. Many hundreds of oil wells have been successfully sunk in Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela, and recently wells have also been drilled in the more open waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Submarine drilling is attracting much interest, for geologists believe vast reserves of oil, possibly double those of the dry land areas, may lie below the continental shelf, particularly where it joins known oil-producing regions ashore





*Catalytic cracking units at Baton Rouge Refinery, U.S.A. By cracking, molecules of heavy oils are broken down and reformed into simpler, lighter molecules of petrol. Of all refined oils, petrol now accounts for about forty per cent. Cracking is responsible for doubling the yield of petrol*

"torsion-balance", an instrument designed in the 19th century by a Hungarian scientist and experimentally tested in the Vienna basin during the First World War. Instrument makers have since fashioned new and more portable "gravimeters", which now have an accuracy of one in ten million and can register the change in gravity between the top of a table and the floor on which it stands. The "magnetometer", which measures magnetic intensity—it has long been used to discover certain metallic ores—and the seismograph, normally used to record earthquakes, have also been adapted to geophysical prospecting. Conjunction of these three methods gives a more or less complete picture of the geological nature and the conformation of the area prospected.

But such methods can indicate only the probability of oil accumulations. New methods may ultimately prove the actual presence

of oil. Electrical methods, already used to measure the oil content of an area after drilling, may eventually be able to record the presence of oil before drilling. At Baku, for instance, Russian scientists have employed geochemical methods to measure the hydrocarbon content of the soil, to discover whether oil or gas lies beneath.

Nor is the fact to be neglected that, quite apart from improved ways of surveying, the technique of drilling has vastly developed. Today, wells are drilled to as much as 18,000 feet, and oil in several fields is being produced from wells over 13,000 feet deep—in 1929, the world's deepest well was under 10,000 feet deep. This deep drilling is of particular interest in relation to submarine drilling. Geologists believe that extensive oil resources, which may be double those of dry land areas, are contained below the continental shelf—in other words, that this shelf comprises



extensions of the rich coastal oilfields of the United States, in the Persian Gulf and in the East Indies. Underwater drilling is already a commonplace spectacle, in such places as the waters of California, by the Aspheron peninsula in the Caspian and in Lake Maracaibo, where oil derricks, mounted on concrete pylons, stretch for miles from the shore, standing in water to a depth of sixty feet. Success in these shallow waters encouraged drilling in the open waters of the Gulf of Maracaibo, now producing oil. Plans have also been discussed for drilling in the Gulf of Paria, between Trinidad and Venezuela.

While some scientists look for new fields, moreover, others concentrate on conserving known areas. Thus gas extracted from a field is re-injected to maintain pressure to expel the oil (in the old days it often went to waste); and the flow of oil is stimulated by artificial methods such as perforating the oil-bearing strata with explosives fired from special mechanisms lowered down the well.

Such methods not only reduce the cost of oil extraction, they also have an important bearing on the oil reserve problem, for "proved" reserves include only oil which can be commercially produced by existing techniques. One can but note in passing that if there were a substantial rise in oil prices, as distinct from a rise in the general price level, production from coal, shale and other solids could be undertaken on a far larger scale than now obtains. Even now, synthetic oils are manufactured from natural gas at prices competing with those of petroleum products. Almost any organic material, for instance, sawdust, kitchen refuse and so on,

can be used in the "Fischer-Tropsch" process which German scientists evolved and American scientists developed. The economics of the thing apart, indeed, it can be said that a permanent oil shortage is a myth.

#### PRODUCTS FROM OIL

At present, petrol accounts for nearly half of all refined oils; but its relative importance may be declining a little. For example, the heavier kinds of motor transport are to an increasing extent powered by the diesel engine, which uses a heavier grade of oil. Kerosine, or a product closely analogous to it, is used on a growing scale in agricultural machinery and may continue to drive the jet-propelled engines of the future as it does today. Motor-car manufacturers are conducting research which in a few years' time may result in engines requiring only two-thirds of their present consumption of petrol for an equal performance.

The pace, as well as the direction of such developments, is, of course, strongly influenc-

*Continuous research by petroleum chemists has resulted in a steady increase in the number and variety of crude-oil products, which play so important a role in our daily lives. (Right) Synthetic rubber leaves the mill; made from butadiene (a petroleum gas) and styrené (derivable from petroleum) it has proved an invaluable substitute for natural rubber*



ed by considerations of relative cost. For example, the transformation of a gallon of crude petroleum into a gallon of petrol is within the capacity of equipment which the modern petroleum chemical engineer has at his disposal. The practical advantage of doing this on a commercial scale is another matter. The simple distillation of crude oil yields the main petroleum products—petrol, kerosine, diesel and fuel oil, bitumen and paraffin wax in a certain proportion, depending on the nature of the crude treated: for petrol, it is on the average about twenty per cent, but this is more than doubled by the use of the cracking process with a corresponding reduction in the proportions of the heavier oils. Of late it is demand for some of the heavier oils which has grown the most rapidly.

In no industry indeed is research more unceasing than that in which petroleum chemists work. Before the war, 100 octane spirit, once regarded as the unattainable ideal, became extensively used by the Allied air forces and has now been surpassed; and among the present objectives of these chemists are "safety" fuels to provide greater safety for aviators. In less obvious directions, moreover, the petroleum chemist is making his mark. Thus in hospital wards, cross-infection, resulting from the shaking of blankets, has been almost eliminated by the spraying of light oils to lay the dust. Most of the insecticides used in agriculture have an oil base. Several oil companies, in fact, operate experimental farms, solely to test the properties of their products in the advancement of agriculture.

It is, however, the oil industry's synthetic products which have made most impression on the public mind. Outstanding among these are synthetic rubber, "soapless soaps" and, most recently, synthetic glycerine. New plants treating petroleum base products are today producing also a wide range of industrial solvents such as alcohols and ketones comprising textiles, anaesthetics, synthetic fibres, artificial food flavouring and other varied products. Much of the experimental work has been done in the United States, but some of these products are already being made in quantity in Britain, and plans are afoot for greatly extending the manufacture of organic chemicals from petroleum in this country.

#### SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Petroleum is today a material which offers the promise of thousands of synthetic substances, many of them new. Soaps, industrial

alcohol and rubber are the most prominent examples. Synthetic rubber deserves a word to itself. Its manufacture has had complex effects. Before the war, the world's rubber supplies consisted almost entirely of natural or vegetable rubber from the plantations of the Far East, the colonies of Britain and the Netherlands ranking as large producers and Russia, Germany, Japan and the United States all ranking as non-producers. The Japanese invasion of the Far East temporarily destroyed the rubber industry and cut off the Allies from their supplies. But the oil industry was able to produce many different hydrocarbons which were suitable raw materials for the several grades of synthetic rubber and, as a result, America's synthetic rubber industry was developed in time to avert a set-back from a shortage of indispensable rubber supplies.

This synthetic industry depended largely on butadiene derived from petroleum and grain in the ratios of two-thirds and one-third respectively. It ended the world's virtual dependence on the rubber plantations of the East Indies, with sociological results the end of which is not yet in sight. For the natural rubber industry is faced with a formidable competitor. The United States has taken steps to ensure that about one-quarter of the country's peacetime needs in rubber are provided by domestic synthetic manufacture. International goodwill will be required to balance the plantations' demand for a wider market with the United States' demand for security. That, however, is a subject outside the scope of the present article.

What new prospects for our civilization the abundance and variety of products made by the oil industry will reveal, time only can show. In many instances, these products will supplement those available already from other sources, often with their own distinctive characteristics. In other instances, products manufactured from petroleum-base materials may be entirely new materials, which can be made only by chemical synthesis and cannot be matched by any natural product. The great flexibility of petroleum-base materials in the hands of the chemical engineer, however, seems to assure them an important role in the future chemical field.

It is clear that the oil industry must, as time goes on, become of even greater significance than it is today. If peace is preserved, its future contribution to man's material advancement is beyond reckoning. Those responsible for the oil industry today can hardly make their perspectives too wide.



# Awareness of Europe

by KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P.

*Mr Lindsay is Member of Parliament for the Combined Universities and Chairman of the Educational Interchange Council; he was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Education*

THE growing movement for European Unity raises a number of novel questions affecting not only defence, economics and politics, but the social and cultural life of the peoples of Europe. Article III of the Brussels Treaty commits the governments of France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and Britain to "make every effort in common to lead their peoples towards a better understanding of the principles which form the basis of their common civilization and to promote cultural exchanges between themselves". Many other countries would accept the implications of Article III, notably Scandinavian, Italian and German-speaking peoples. It is to be hoped that ultimately Slav and Spanish peoples will feel the impact of the movement and take their part in recreating the glory of Europe.

Meanwhile it is proposed, according to recent communiqués, to take certain official steps. This summer fifty teachers, ten from each of the Brussels Treaty countries, will assemble at Ashridge in England to exchange views on the subject of "Western Union in Schools": it has also been agreed to circulate an exhibition of educational material among the five countries, to publish information in each country about the possibilities of travel, reception and lodging of school-children and students, to organize visits of educational inspectors and to list the best educational films produced in each country. Further discussions on the removal of obstacles to the flow of cultural material are now taking place. It is imperative to remove as soon as possible such restrictions as customs duties, licences and taxes on books, periodicals, non-commercial films, records and contemporary works of art. Now that Customs Unions are to be established between the Benelux countries and also between France and Italy, this next and important step should be taken forthwith.

There is also a network of Cultural Conventions between the various countries concerned. Mixed Commissions have already discussed a number of questions which lend themselves to bilateral treatment. In this category are included exchange of professors, entrance to universities, equivalence of degrees, vacation courses, exchange of teachers, exchange of music and drama and

exchanges between libraries and galleries. The composition of these Commissions should be made public and at convenient intervals reports of their activities should, in my opinion, be given to the press, so that the free wind of support and criticism may follow their activities. Action has also been taken to secure a relay of first-class talks on the radio of each country.

But none of these things will create a greater awareness of Europe unless a determined effort is made by the various governments to work in close cooperation with the numerous private agencies and voluntary organizations, particularly the universities. Perhaps the most neglected and most influential institutions in Europe have been the universities. The life of Europe is pre-eminently their concern, both in particular according to faculty and in general because students and teachers are privileged people and potential leaders. Universities have two responsibilities, one towards knowledge—to pursue learning and research and pass on the torch to succeeding generations; the other towards humanity—to secure a rebirth of humanism. I like to think of universities as a chain of lighthouses or beacons across Europe, where men of learning and tolerance can pass freely and find mental and spiritual enlightenment, just as in mediaeval times scholars found food and lodging. Perhaps we need another Comenius to blaze the trail and thus give hope to those who are weighed down by travail and material dejection, whether in Germany or in other afflicted countries.

In spite of currency restrictions and travelling difficulties much has already been accomplished. The British Council has facilitated the movement of hundreds of professors to this country, in addition to the hundreds of lectures given by British professors all over Europe. I can testify from my friends in Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Austria and now Germany how much it has meant to them to rejoin their old scholar-friends and to keep in touch with contemporary scholarship and learning. The "occupied countries" (and some still are occupied) suffered no worse humiliation than the persecution of professors. Many of these sensitive men were killed. It is hardly realized in this country that the

Rectors of Leiden, Louvain, and Strasbourg were put in common gaols, because they refused to betray their students. It is also little realized that the most stubborn problem now facing the International Refugee Organization is the new wave of 'intellectuals' fleeing from Eastern Europe. The problems facing Europe's universities today are thus doubly complicated. It is not merely a question of reopening them and coping with a flood of students. There are shortages of equipment and text-books, shortages of qualified teachers, in some cases the need for rebuilding entire structures and replenishing libraries. Above all there is the tragic past and the insecure future. It requires extra faith to settle down to study and plan for the future when ideological battles fill the air and political upheavals are the order of the day.

It is, therefore, remarkable that so much progress has been made. Little Austria has no less than 35,000 students and over 2000 professors and lecturers in her universities and kindred institutions: she is a member of UNESCO and although not allowed to join the United Nations supports a flourishing United Nations Association, has made a cultural treaty with France and runs five important international summer schools. Britain and Austria have exchanged over a thousand students and teachers and professional workers during the last few years.

Holland is back to work with her ten high-class university institutions. Leiden has close relations with Zürich, Utrecht with Basle and Cologne Universities, Gröningen has an annual exchange of professors with Durham and Newcastle. The Roman Catholic University of Nijmegen has close relations with Louvain and the Municipal University of Amsterdam exchanges professors with Berne and with British, Belgian and French universities. The question of equivalence of degrees is being studied by the Netherlands-Belgian and the Netherlands-French Cultural Commissions, while cultural attachés are posted to Britain and France. This is a perfect example of genuine international connections, official agencies being reinforced by numerous private arrangements.

Norway's universities are full to overflowing; indeed a new university has recently been created at Bergen. The three Scandinavian countries have a permanent Scandinavian Cultural Commission: by this means exchanges of academic personnel and students are encouraged and facilitated by the universities themselves. Norwegian cultural attachés are posted to London, Washington and Moscow. Plans are under discussion for a British-Norwegian summer

school at the University of Oslo.

Fortunately French and British universities have regained that close association which was common before the war and a profound influence is being exerted on German universities from both Britain and France.

Many other examples, were there space, could be given; but these will suffice to show that while gallant efforts are being made to revive the cultural life of Western Europe, much less would be possible without the intervention of governments and official agencies. Undoubtedly the biggest single barrier is currency, but this will not greatly affect the holiday movement of students, most of whom would not expect to spend more than the fifty pounds allotted. On the other hand currency restrictions affect seriously the foreign student who wishes to come to this country. For this reason several schemes have been devised to provide work so that students in vacations can obtain a holiday and pay their way. The most practical of all these schemes has been initiated from the Imperial College of Science. The students are drawn from the technological field, science, mining, metallurgy and engineering. They work for eight weeks in industrial concerns, paying their own fares but receiving living expenses from the country visited. Starting in 1946 with 44 students the number has grown to over 1000 drawn from a dozen universities exchanged with ten European countries. Thus a multilateral scheme of exchange has grown out of small beginnings. UNESCO now contributes a small sum to the central office to help the administrative expenses.

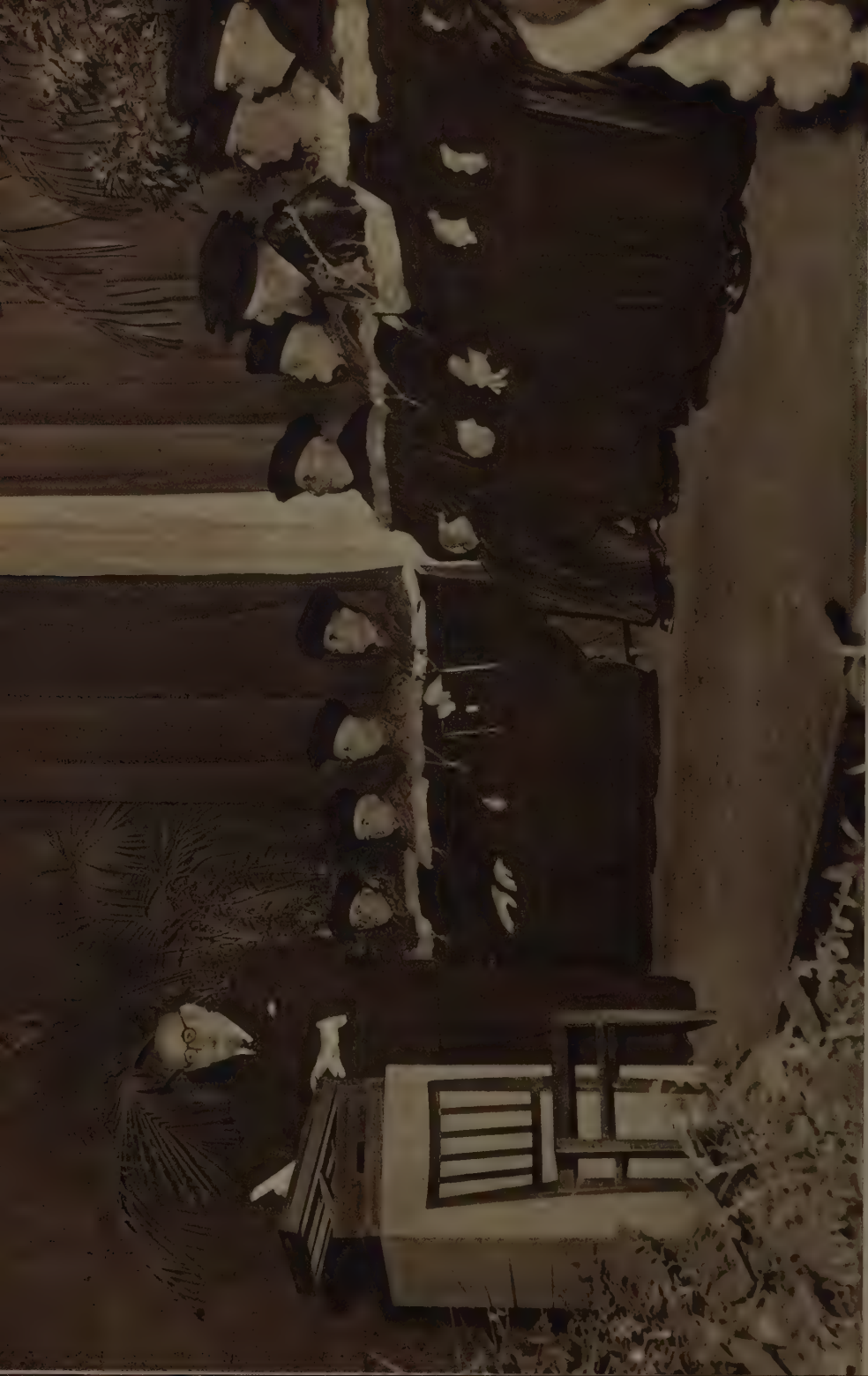
It is to be hoped that out of Europe's travail and suffering a new Awareness will be created. This cannot be achieved by merely instructional or educational means. Europe has been able in the course of centuries to create about thirty communities each endowed with a tradition, a flavour, a colour and an outline, easily recognizable and full of character. T. S. Eliot defines national culture as "the way of life of a particular people living together in one place made visible in their acts, their social systems, in their habits, their customs, in their religion". This definition, which applies so pointedly to Europe, explains the sense of quality and individual liberty that distinguishes so many European communities which we call nations. Nothing is gained by speaking of a European culture: everything is to be gained by emphasizing the common principles which bind the free peoples of Europe together. I have reason to think that many thousands of European students share this view, which is based essentially on unity in diversity.





Henriksen & Steen

*The diverse cultural foundations upon which European unity must be based are shown by many university celebrations that spring from a national background. Students at Oslo, Norway, celebrate Constitution Day (May 17), from which time until they have passed their examinations new entrants wear red caps and favours*







*Another university tradition: that of competitive sport, which originated in the Olympic Games of ancient Greece and was rebuilt in Britain, to the benefit of students throughout the world. The Cambridge crew, whose win in 1949 was the closest in ninety-five annual races with Oxford*



French Ministry of the Interior

*Universities everywhere develop a social life of their own; in Europe it often combines international elements with a strongly local flavour. What could be more French than university students perusing their own newspaper in the Boulevard St-Michel? Yet the Latin Quarter, through which it runs, is an intellectual nursery for half mankind*





Max Kettel

*One of Lausanne University's student societies holds a meeting. Social life in the universities of Northern Europe—especially the German-speaking countries, Holland and Scandinavia—centres round such societies, each with its own formalities and rites and often a distinctive uniform, where discussion ranges over every conceivable subject*







Foto v. Vliet

*At Leiden University attention is concentrated on Holland's major physical preoccupation: that of combating the sea's inroads on her coasts. Round a laboratory tank at the Museum of Geology and Mineralogy, students watch a demonstration of artificial beach-forming*



Paul Popper

*No other continent can rival the artistic heritage of Europe. Among the treasure-houses where it may be enjoyed, Italy is pre-eminent; and to her universities come students of art from every quarter of the globe to share this rich aesthetic feast*



# Where Romance still lingers: the Camargue

by MAURICE MOYAL

Translated by FELIX ROSE

ARLES-TRINQUETAILLE railway station does not look like a real station—rather it has the appearance of a toy-box that a child has carelessly kicked over, spilling its narrow track, its cubical coaches pulled by an electric locomotive with a diamond-shaped structure on top, and its dolls: quaint dainty slit-eyed Annamites who cultivate the rice-fields; good-looking girls who proudly wear the beribboned *coiffe* and the gay picturesque Arlesian dress; young Provençals wearing the traditional moleskin trousers with broad red flannel belts.

The station-master—his cap gives him the jaunty air of a South American general in a musical comedy—modulates a shrill whistle. The train starts slowly. . . Although electrically driven, the *tortillard* moves along at a snail's pace. . . One would have plenty time to get off the train, pick the daisies that dot the fields, catch some rare butterfly and, without undue haste, to get back into one's carriage.

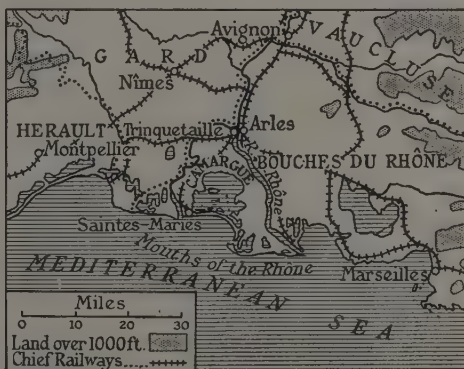
From time to time, the train stops at some out-of-the-way spot in open country. You cannot help thinking: "There! a breakdown!" But not at all. The train has stopped at a station. A station of a kind, without buildings or the usual installations that befit any honest-to-goodness railway station the world over. One must open one's eyes wide to discern far away on the sky-line the lonely *mas* (small farmhouse) served by this nondescript station. Then the engine-driver yells himself hoarse: "*Et alors!*" (Come along now!) But in spite of his remonstrances, the passengers are in no particular hurry. These *gardians*—the cowboys of the Camargue—wear wide-brimmed soft hats and checked shirts tucked inside their jodhpurs. They nonchalantly settle themselves on the hard wooden seats. After a while the corridor gets choked with standing passengers. We are as tightly packed as sardines, but still everyone is in high spirits.

You obviously do not belong to these parts, and so your fellow-travellers quickly show the warm Provençal heartiness. They invite you to share their sandwiches and pass round their flasks of wine from which everyone has already had a drink. You take a pull too, trying hard

not to betray your deep dislike of the whole thing so as not to offend these good people. For your sake, they go into raptures over all the marvellous doings in store for you at the Saintes-Maries *festo*: the *abrivado*, the daring riding displays, the folk-songs and dances, the tournament, the various kinds of 'bull-fights'. Just wait and see. And would you believe it, it will not cost you a penny to enjoy it all. In spite of the overcrowding, the infernal heat and the garlic-scented breath of your new friends, you feel very happy.

In front of us, as far as the eye can see, the flat Rhône estuary stretches away. Sands and marshland. Vines and rice-fields. The whole country around looks empty. Marcel, my cameraman, a meticulous gawky young man, moans loudly: "*Mais Bonne Mère!* Where are the bulls? I purposely came here for the bulls."

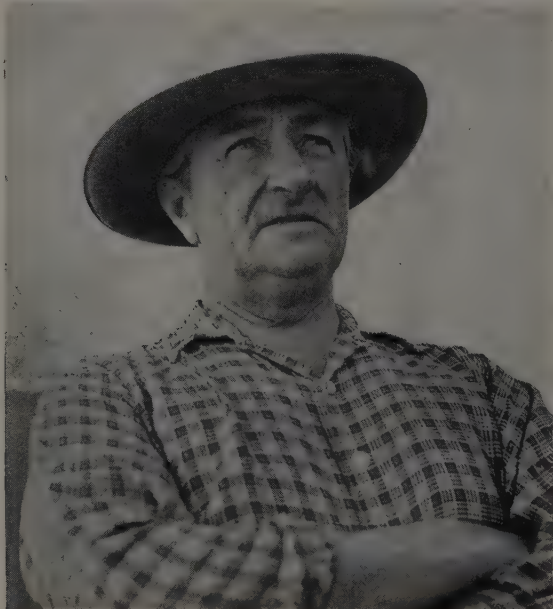
Someone near us puts us wise: "We have not yet reached the pastures. It is a shame, every year these wretched fields encroach on our pasture-land. Soon we ourselves, our horses and our bulls will be thrown back into the sea. Anyway even in bull-breeding country you could not, from this train, catch sight of a single bull's tail. What do you think? Our bulls are not placid Swiss cows. They are shy gentry, rather inclined to keep themselves to themselves. They do not pose alongside the track so as to allow wandering knights of the camera to take snaps. They hide in the marshland or in the juniper



A. J. Thornton



Basil Collier, from *Paul Copper*



Marcel Coen

(Above) *A mounted gardian of the Camargue, the thinly populated plain on the delta formed by the branching of the Rhône as it flows into the Mediterranean. This is a famed bull-breeding area; and the Camargue gardian is justly proud of his charges and engrossed in his work, recking but little of comfort, money or hours of duty.*  
 (Left) *Monsieur Jousé Aubanel, a big manadier (horse- and bull-breeder) and an excellent host to the author, who visited his manade*





Marcel

(Above) The Camargue is famed for the white horses bred there, as well as for bulls. These mounts are far from handsome and appear lazy in their bearing; but when in action they are seen to be amazingly speedy, sure-footed and intelligent; in fact, ideal for both the manade and the bull-ring. (Right) The chair-like saddle used by the Camargue gardian has a small pillion attached—which provides its fortunate owner with certain fairly obvious advantages



Marcel Coen

thickets. But don't you worry, young man. In my *manade*, you will see more bulls than you can ever photograph."

Decidedly, some special god must protect journalists in distress: wing-footed Mercury, for a bet. Our informant introduces himself. *Maître*—Monsieur—Jousé Aubanel, a big *manadier*, that is to say, a big breeder of bulls and horses. We should have had to look far and wide to find another man so well acquainted with everything in the Camargue. He kindly invites us to see how the bulls are chosen for the afternoon's bull-fights and to the *abrivado*, the escorting of the animals from his mas—"Simbou" it is called—to the Saintes-Maries Arena.

Simbou is a rambling thatched cottage with a pointed gable, built with reeds covered over with plaster and whitewashed. But the rustic exterior gives no inkling of the inside. *Misé*—Madame—Aubanel shows us with the exquisite and cordial hospitality of the Camargue into a magnificent dining-room in the Provençal style. We must sample a glass of the local wine, rich in alcohol, and watch all the preparations for welcoming fittingly the guests who are coming from all the surrounding *mas*. On the threshold of the kitchen there are a skinned sheep hanging from an iron hook, baskets full of fish caught in the *Vaccarés* pond near by, a broached cask of wine, all ready to help sustain the attack of our ferocious appetites.

We climb aboard a motor-coach already full of lovely laughing girls. Their blue ribbons floating in the breeze, their vivid shawls, their many-hued skirts add a touch of colour and of Provençal jollity to the grey Camargue landscape.

In some ten minutes, we get down near the pastures. The *baillé* or chief gardian, Pierre Méneval, brings a saddled horse to the master of the *manade*. He then makes off at full speed and, jumping over the gate, lands in the pasture. We soon hear his raucous cries far away as, with the help of his gardians, he rounds up the bulls. He jumps clear of the herd, driving before him a black bull. A squad of amateur riders follow, their tridents at the charge. The group of riders comes on at full gallop.

As an old Spahi officer, I am used to the elegant Arab horse. Accordingly, this limping duck of a Camargue horse does not look much to me at first sight. He rather resembles a nag and a small one at that. Squat, heavy-headed and heavy-jowled, with a short and cobby neck, legs as if roughly hacked out, he has the bulging belly and bristly coat of a horse out to grass. To make

matters worse, he smells like a wild animal.

Standing at ease, he looks like a good quiet dog. Do not, however, be deceived by this careless and sleepy bearing. When pursuing the bull, he turns into a marvellous mount and displays a nimbleness, a cleverness, a liteness and a precision second to none.

He is gifted with many other qualities too. Born and bred in freedom, it costs next to nothing to feed him. He is left to fend for himself. He eats the salted tufts of *enganes* and *saladelles* in the plain, or the tender shoots of rushes. He drinks the brackish water of the Rhône estuary. He is not locked in at night in a stable, but his forelegs must be hobbled if his owner does not want to scour the country for him next morning. His hoofs are so hard that he needs no shoeing-smith. In the marshland, his unerring instinct warns the rider of the *trantairo*, the treacherous swamps, and of the *gargato*, the shifting sands which could swallow up a man and his horse in less time than it would take to describe it.

He is the best horse in the world on any ground and in any weather. Although not really a racehorse, he can develop a surprising speed for a short distance when set straight at the bull. He can wheel suddenly about, performing right-angle turns that would make you dizzy. With all these qualities he might well be a good polo pony: it would be worth trying.

In our standardized, grasping and pleasure-loving civilization, his rider, the Camargue gardian, is a character. He loves the wide-open spaces of his native land, is bent on maintaining its age-long traditions, calls every bull and every horse of his *manade* by name. Instinctively, to cure their ills, he administers strictly non-scientific remedies which, however, have been tested throughout the centuries. If need be, he sticks to his high saddle night and day during the *ferrades* season when the particular stamp of the *manade* is branded with a red-hot poker on every young bullock, and also during the *tridages* when the best bulls are selected for the bull-fights, or when it is necessary to escort the animals from pasture to pasture. His motto displays his character as a gentleman and an uncompromising individualist: "*La liberté prime tout*" (Freedom above everything).

The trident is the gardian's weapon, sceptre and distinctive emblem. It is a staff made of chestnut-wood, about six feet eight inches long, with a three-pronged iron at its end, the prongs being neither too blunt nor so sharp as actually to wound the bull. It is just the thing to push the bull aside so as to set it apart from the herd. The trident well





*A Camargue gardian carrying his "staff of office"—a long trident with a three-pronged iron at its end with which the bulls on the manade are prodded and controlled. He is taking a passenger to Arles Arena for the festo; an exhibition of dancing and folk songs, riding displays, a tournament, in which mounted competitors try to snatch one another's armbands, and, finally, various kinds of bull-fighting*

*All photographs except four, by Ronald Mitchell*

*Provençal girls, in their dainty lace shawls and perky little caps, awaiting the start of the festo with special excitement. For is not the winning gardian of the armband contest to offer his own band to the lady of his choice; and is not her acceptance tantamount to engagement?*





*Dancers in regional dress approach the Arena, round which they will slowly circle in groups of three*

couched on the stirrup, the gardian can withstand the impact of the bull charging at top speed. The trident is also used, if need be, to knock the bull down; the rider galloping at full speed and bringing it to bear at the point where the tail begins.

The best animals for the afternoon bull-fights are now chosen and set apart. It is the duty of their gardians and of some amateur riders to escort them from the pasture to the bull-ring, a distance of about ten miles. This operation is called the "abrivado", the charge. It brings about a long awaited tussle and pits riders against pedestrians. Tradition demands that any pedestrian who feels like it —*qui s'en sentirait*, as they say in Provence— can try anything to stop the bulls passing through the narrow winding alleys of Les Saintes-Maries.

Before the start, the baillé, Pierre Méneval, allots his post to each rider. The bulls are prodded to get them going at full speed. The leading riders then slow down in order to get back in line a few bulls that have strayed. On the village outskirts, groups of pedestrians impatiently wait for the convoy to pass. Here it comes! They set alight heaps of

straw, crack their whips or fire off blank cartridges so as to scare the bulls and make them stampede. The *dountaïré*, the domesticated bull that the herd follows, is goaded with the trident to take the lead. Standing in his stirrups, the baillé yells at the top of his voice the war cry: "*Abrivo! Abrivo!*" (At them!). Riders and animals charge the crowds madly. The less intrepid run away, but the dauntless ones daringly dash forward between the legs of bulls and horses alike to make them turn tail. It is a spectacle full of colour and movement. The festo is not complete without a few broken heads and broken ribs, but what of that! Even those injured share in the general enjoyment for, until the next abrivado, they wear in the girls' eyes a halo of glory.

Under the skilled command of Jousé Aubanel and Pierre Méneval, old campaigners with more than one trick up their sleeves, the manoeuvre is brilliantly carried out at top speed. The bulls dash in and out of the winding alleys and sweep into the *toril* in the bull-ring.

The festo was due to begin at three o'clock sharp. Now it is 3.30 p.m. and, after such a



feast as compels you to slacken your belt a bit, we are still lingering over our coffee and *pousse-café*. After much homeric laughter, many speeches in the sonorous Provençal tongue, congratulations and slaps on the shoulder that would fell an ox, we go to the bull-ring in the gayest mood. The public is packed on the stone tiers of the amphitheatre and has been waiting there under a glaring sun for two solid hours. But no one protests against such long delay. In this blessed country, time means nothing, and these people feel they have all eternity before them. On the whole, they are right. Compare a street in the north with one in the south. In the former, you will only meet people with knitted brows and tense faces who jostle each other mercilessly. For their whole day is a race against the clock. Like Gulliver, prisoner of the Lilliputians, they are entangled in thousands of those tiny invisible threads: the minutes and the seconds. Whereas in the south, you meet only smiling cheerful people who give the impression of loitering even when in a hurry.

On our return to Arles we found the same sense of leisurely enjoyment at its fêste. How can one convey to the reader all the animation and gaiety of the show in the bull-ring? The sun, in its radiance, seems to compete with both performers and spectators

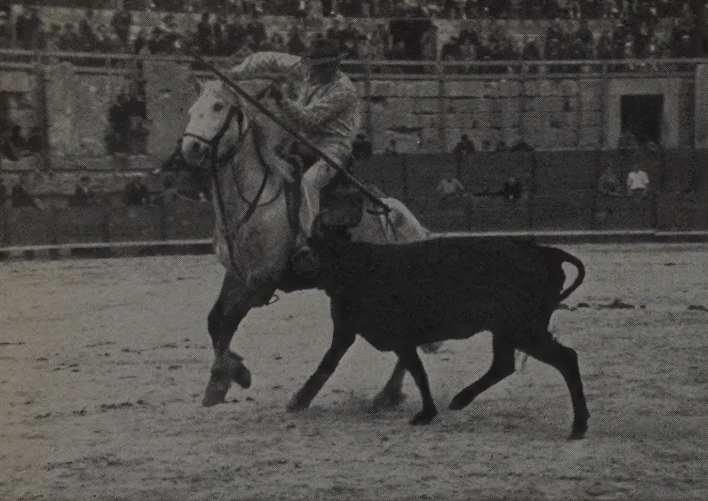
in their bright and picturesque national costumes. You cannot help feeling some secret envy when you see the inborn nobility of their attitudes, the *joie de vivre* that permeates their least gestures. You feel that they all make one big family, which is cemented by a love of their old traditions and of the beauty they all share. You feel they are heirs to a rich and ancient civilization, the daughter of Athens and Rome.

At last the fêste begins. An orchestra of *galoubets* (three-holed flutes) and drums plays a serenade for us. Each musician plays both instruments at once. Soon, to the accompaniment of their high-pitched two-beat piping and of their muffled drumming, the prettiest girls of this blessed land, in groups of three, slowly dance round the arena. How can I celebrate all the charm and loveliness of the Provençal maiden? Black expressive eyes that shine in a face of a perfect oval, delicate nose often prolonging the line of the forehead in the pure tradition of the maidens of Athene on the Parthenon, small rose-bud mouth, lovely complexion that has taken on the golden patina of the sun, and the deportment of a young goddess, at once proud and modest, and the figure slender as a poplar! Every one of these girls deserves to be an English duchess so that she might be called "Your Grace".

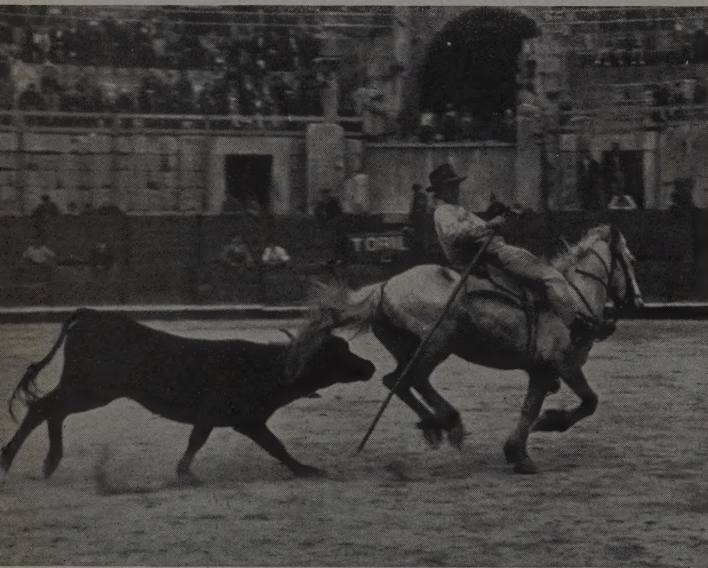


As part of the fêste in Arles Arena, Li Courdello is danced with red and yellow ribbons about a maypole some eighteen feet high; musicians accompany the performers on their drums and flutes





*The Ferrade d'Anoubles (or ceremony of branding year-old bull-calves) at Arles Arena. A bull is selected and rounded up by one of the mounted gardians, who is shown using his trident to ward off a side attack and turn the beast's head towards the rear of his horse before galloping on to safety*



*The round-up is no game but a serious demonstration of the gardian's prowess. When the bull attacks a cantering horse from behind, as in this instance, speed rather than the trident proves the best means of defence. Although the horse bucks whenever touched a skilled rider never even loses his hat*



*Here the gardian has planted the prongs of his trident in the bull's neck and a powerful thrust, together with a slight buck from his walking horse, has deflected the charge in all its fury. The horses show complete confidence in their riders' ability to protect them from assault by vicious horns*



*When the bull has finally been manoeuvred to a corner of the arena where the branding fire is situated, the gardian leaps from his horse and, grasping the animal's horns, tries to bring it to its knees. This struggle is usually most exciting, the bull 'worrying' its tenacious opponent mercilessly*



*When on its knees, the victim is finally floored by a certain twist of the neck; another gardian then assures immobility by wringing the animal's tail. Traditionally branding is done by a guest of honour (usually a lady); one ear is then notched with the owner's mark before the bull-calf is again set free*



*The Course Libre is another popular Provençal sport, in which the aim of the participants, or razzeteurs, is to tear from the bull's horns two white rosettes, each worth a cash prize. Here a razzeteur is seen leaping to safety in Arles Arena after a vain attempt to capture the remaining rosette*





In a long chain, boys and girls alternately link hands and dance the native *farandole* to the sound of the tambourine. It is a rhythmic dance at a running pace. The chain undulates and curls back on itself. The dancers raise aloft their arms, the leader passes beneath the graceful archway with head bent, drawing along with him his partner and everyone behind them. The last couple stops. The dancers again form an archway. The leader then turns the other way. The snake-like dancing crowd eases up and the *farandole* gets going again.

Eight couples are now dancing *Li Courdello* around a maypole about eighteen feet high. Red and yellow silk ribbons hang down the pole. Each dancer gets hold of one ribbon and takes a quick step forward. The taut ribbons thus form a cone. Dancing round the maypole, the couples cross one another and interlace their ribbons into a cord. When the pole is covered over with a checked red and yellow braid, they dance contrariwise to undo it. Boys and girls in turn sing the verses:

*Nous sommes des jeunes cordiers,  
Nous faisons des cordes,  
Nos ancêtres faisaient jadis des cordons;  
Vos mères s'en souviennent,  
Filles rieuses,  
Car sûrement, elles n'ont pas oublié  
De se faire encorder par des rusés compères  
Et ne s'en plaindre guère.*

We are young ropemakers,  
We are making ropes,  
Our forefathers in the days of old made  
cords;  
Your mothers well recollect it,  
Laughing girls,  
For surely they have not forgotten  
That they let themselves be twisted round  
by cunning fellows  
And made no complaint about it either.

*Nous sommes filles de cordiers,  
Il n'est pas de plus beau métier,  
Ni vie plus belle . . .*

We are ropemakers' daughters,  
There is no finer job,  
Nor finer life . . .

It is the turn of the gardians to display their horsemanship. Lined up in two teams, they wear either red or yellow armbands. Each competitor rides round the arena at full speed while a horseman of the opposite team, hot in pursuit, tries to snatch his armband away. The dark-haired Jousé Evrard, a handsome lad of twenty-two, is the only one to succeed in keeping his armband. As the

winner of the tournament, he has the right to offer it in homage to the girl of his choice. He tenders it to the lovely nineteen-year-old Mireille Jourdan, the beauty queen of Arles. The public, holding their breath, await the girl's decision. Her acceptance is tantamount to an engagement. And every one of us feels personally interested in her decision as if our own future depended upon it. Frenzied applause hails her blushing acceptance.

There is a ten minutes' interval, after which the *pièce de résistance* gets under way. The old keeper of the bull-ring opens the door of the *toril* and nimbly slips behind the gate. The bull rushes madly through the brightly lit gap. . . Then, dazzled by the sun, it stops short in the centre of the arena. It paws the ground with its hoof, raising a cloud of dust. These Provençal bull-fights bear a curious likeness to those of ancient Crete. Contrary to the Spanish *corrida del muerte*, the bull is not put to death. The art of this lies in snatching from between the sharp horns the silk bow or the blue bead held by a string to the animal's hairy forehead.

The *razzet* is the chief element of the bull-fight. It is a running feint. While a call from an assistant draws the bull's attention elsewhere, the *razzeteur* runs away as fast as he can, his course following an elliptical curve external to the line followed by the bull. A few paces from the tangential point, the man calls loudly. The bull, charging on, comes close to him; the *razzeteur* then quickly puts out his hand between the horns and adroitly picks off the cockade. He dashes towards the barrier with the bull close on his heels, jumps the barrier and is warmly applauded.

The applause is not only for the *razzeteurs*; it is also for the bulls when they cleverly thwart all attempts at relieving them of their coveted prizes. Some bulls, such as "Pescalune" or "Cafetier", old stagers who have taken part in more than a hundred bull-fights, know all the tricks of the game by heart and are famous throughout Provence.

It is the kindly sun of Provence that has engendered this pleasant Provençal people and its old traditions; not the fiercely burning star of Spain which has aroused the Spaniards' delight in their *corridos del muerte*; nor the relentless white-hot sun of Africa, which has sucked Africans dry of energy, gradually, through the generations. Our sun is precisely to the Provençal's measure. And to the dulllest life, these festivals and traditions bring a touch of greatness and glory.